

THE RCM MAGAZINE



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THE R.C.M. MAGAZINE

*A Journal for PAST &
PRESENT STUDENTS and
FRIENDS of THE ROYAL COLLEGE
OF MUSIC, and Official Organ
of THE R.C.M. UNION..*

'The Letter killeth, but the Spirit giveth Life.'

Editorial

*" In opinions look not always back ;
Your wake is nothing, mind the coming track ;
Leave what you've done for what you have to do ;
Don't be ' consistent,' but be simply true."*—OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

Claude Debussy, whose death the whole world of music (including our own small section of it) sincerely deplores, was so unconventional an artist that it seems inappropriate to employ the ordinary terms of conventional eulogy in speaking of the sad event.

English music-lovers, who are the most cosmopolitan in Europe, began to take his music to their hearts some time ago, and for a good many years past Debussy has been regarded in this country as the founder and most masterly representative of what we have learned to call the ' Modern French School.' He deserted very early in his career the recognised French traditions. He adopted a new outlook, wrenched asunder the shackles which had fettered his contemporaries, and became the most elusive as well as one of the most fascinating of modern composers.

If there is no allegiance to classic ideals in Debussy's music, it is because his particular creed demanded a severance from established customs. He was sometimes inconsistent, and many of his aims were probably unattainable in art. It is claimed that his music was modelled on the sounds of Nature and not on the work of the composers who preceded him. In Nature, it is asserted, there is no sharply defined contrast between discords and concords. Our ear, so sensitive to an infraction of what he regarded as a purely artificial arrangement of tones, is quite alive to the beauty of sounds that cannot be brought within the scope of an organised scale. The whistling of the wind, the rustling of trees, the voices of birds, sheep, and cattle do not appear to us to be incoherent or in sharp disagreement, even if we hear them all together. And so in his music, Debussy, though compelled to employ our existent notation, deliberately aimed at ambiguity of tonality in order to come as near to Nature as possible.

To many this is mere artistic heresy. To others it is sheer nonsense. But the inevitable result is a curious appeal. Debussy's work gives more pleasure to those who know nothing about music than to those whose study has given them fixed ideas of the scope of their art.

No composer is more difficult to 'place,' for it is quite impossible to forecast the verdict of posterity upon music which cannot be judged by definite standards of comparison. It may be recorded, however, that while Debussy has provoked much discussion he has encountered far less active antagonism than some of the more sensational modern writers, such as Strauss or Schönberg.

Nothing he did was commonplace in conception. In an age of noise and clamour he remained studiously restrained. Particularly is this true in the case of his opera "*Pelléas and Melisande*." Around the hesitant and melancholy personages who invest its scenes the composer weaves a web of sympathetic and mystic musical ensemble which creates an extraordinary impression. There is no vocal melody whatsoever, except in the tiny song sung by Melisande at the window. There is very little development of themes. Everything is subdued—there are scarcely a dozen passages in the whole opera in which anything like the full orchestra is utilized. The result is not only dignified and reserved. It is often truly eloquent, full of tenderness, and sometimes deeply passionate.

In art, and especially in musical art, nothing is final or absolute. Standards of taste are often merely expedient, and seldom infallible. Debussy must not be judged for his departure from accustomed laws, but by the sincerity of his work, and the measure of its truth. We may recall a little anecdote of the great painter, Turner. A critical visitor to Turner's studio objected that he had never seen a sunset such as that which was flaming upon one of the great artist's canvases. "Ah!" said the painter, "*don't you wish you could.*"

If some great men see shadows and reflections rather than substances, let us remember that there is often great beauty in shadows and reflections. As an exquisite modern poet has testified:—

"It is not an ill thing to cross at times the marches of silence, and see the phantoms of life and death in a new way. It is not an ill thing, even if we meet only the fantasies of beauty."

Director's Address

JANUARY 7, 1918

*"The times are overcast,
But still may they who sowed behind the plough
True seed fix in the mind an unborn Now
To make the plagues afflicting us things past"*—GEORGE MEREDITH.

You always renew my belief in old institutions on these occasions, for it is one of the most cheering sights I know of to see you, as it were, gleaming with the afterglow of Christmas. I daresay you may have noticed that we are constantly being told in speeches and print that when the War is over the old world, to which we had grown accustomed before it, will have disappeared, and a new order of things will prevail. As someone says, 'The old order changeth, giving place to new.'

I confess I do not believe it. There are things that are too deeply rooted to be abolished in a few short years, even with such turmoil as we have been going through. Christmas is not going to change. The holly and the mistletoe will continue to be in evidence, and the same old turkeys and mincepies and plum puddings will appease your Christmas appetites. Even supposing Zeppelins and aeroplanes got home with bombs and made our Jerusalem a heap of stones, or the national food restrictors filled the building from top to bottom with forms that had been withdrawn and regulations that had been rescinded, the same old College would still continue to show vigorous life, and the same choicest of Music would be our delight, and we should survive all the efforts of the forces of evil to extinguish our energies. And it will be the same elsewhere.

After all, what do people mean by the old order changing? It is quite possible that they themselves have got caught up in some tangle of folly and frivolity which they have not the strength of mind and will to get out of, and as they are dimly conscious that such a state of affairs is not satisfactory, they hope for a revolution to take the muddle away and make them sane and wholesome by force. But that is not the way the universe works. The change must be in the men themselves. If they are slaves to their baser animal instincts and their rotten personal pleasures, they are not going to be cured by any amount of bitter warfare, or revolution either. As a matter of fact, such commotions bring out the worst side of the worst people. They are more likely to engender recklessness than sanity. The people who are fit to lead and behave with

decent sense are submerged by the crazy ravings of people in hysterics, and the wild scrambling of those who want to drown care or thought in any kind of dissipation. Think of the thousands whose highest aim in life is to show off their vulgar clothes, or to get tasty foods, or to be tickled with the vapid trash and suggestive ineptitudes of Music Halls and cinemas. All their delights are at the expense of more sensible people. Those whose only conception of life is to fill it full of incoherent pleasures will want them all the more when the tension of these distracting days is over. The men who have borne the burden and heat of the day will want to have what they call "a good time"; and as the general idea of a good time is the gratification of least reputable impulses, it is hardly likely that at such a moment they will become sane and serious. The fighting man is splendid when he is fighting, but it would be superfluous to expect him to be a thinking man too. There are a noble few who keep the steadfast beacons in view, and whose minds are not extinguished by the horrors they have to endure, but with the majority of those whose business is fighting the great questions which concern humanity most urgently hardly exist. And those will be the things which will call for all our best energies when we are trying to settle down again.

It is very likely that we shall have a lot of wrangling and plenty of impracticable proposals. Perhaps there will be attempts to take property away from people who had plenty and give it to those who had none to speak of. But transferring property to people who never had any idea of using it to any advantage either to themselves or anyone else is not likely suddenly to inspire them with serviceable ideals. We are, unfortunately, too painfully conscious that many of the over-rich have behaved in recent years with repulsive selfishness and levity and blindness, and have set a bad example to their less materially fortunate fellows. But not all of them by any means. The way many of them have behaved in the times that have tested their mettle has been magnificent. They had lacked opportunity of doing anything serviceable before, but when the opportunity came they proved astonishingly worthy of it. We are naturally dazzled by the magnificent grit and courage and devotion of our fighting men. They, indeed, have renewed our pride and confidence in the dear old country. But what has been done at home by devoted civilians, whom we do not hear so much about, is quite as much a thing to be proud of.

It is splendid to see on all sides the people who are giving themselves heart and soul to the service of the nation without thought for their petty selves or getting anything out of it. If the War has done anything to mend the old pitiful disorder, it is by giving such splendid human nature opportunities for showing that noble qualities are really plentiful, and to what good use they can be put.

But humanity has a very mixed outfit, and most of us are capable of being idiots at times. You will remember the familiar saying that 'people who do not make mistakes do not make anything.' You cannot have personal initiative without risk of making mistakes; and you cannot get things done without personal initiative. One has to put up with the liability of personal initiative to induce a man to behave like an idiot, because one cannot get on without it. One forgives the mistakes for the sake of the keenness and pluck and independence which are such valuable qualities. But, then again, on the other hand, there are a terrible lot of mistakes which are not the result of initiative or independence but very much the reverse. They are rather the effect of lack of it, and of that unfortunate herding instinct of the race which makes people take their cues from one another, and lean up against one another, and do stupid things because so many other stupid people do them—and that makes us feel depressed. For the world is, as a rule, quite superfluously occupied with exciting itself over follies and mistakes, and about incapable people who manage to push themselves into responsible positions for which they are quite unfit, and serenely smiling idiots who sun themselves in an imagined noontide of their own importance. It is so much easier to see things that are wrong than things that are right. Real devoted work does not obtrude itself. It is too much in accordance with the natural and profitable growth of the universe to strike the attention; it is too happy in doing what it can do and is fit to do to trouble about recognition or personal profit. But, in fact, there is a strange usefulness in our attention being so much more arrested by rotten things than sound ones. Bad smells are extremely useful when they call our attention to things which have gone wrong and have to be put right. The people who correspond to them in actual life deserve to be recognized as useful when they call so much attention to themselves, because it gives opportunities to realize in time what is wrong with them. The essential curse of the days we have been living in was that so many

people set their trivial amusements above their natural and serviceable activities. It was the weak surrender to the desire for trivial personal pleasures which insidiously took possession of the well-to-do classes, and so contaminated and weakened the nation that many of us thought we should not be able to stand up to a big war like this. Fortunately, the follies and trivialities of gay society, which occupy more space in the newspapers than any other subject, were mainly superficial. But there again the excessive attention which was bestowed upon them was useful, because it misled the Prussians, who were watching and waiting for the opportunity for a predatory onslaught on the rest of the world. And they started too soon on their campaign of might against right and reason, thinking all our grit was gone and that we were utterly demoralized by our indulgence in mere pleasure and had become incapable of strenuous persistence in effort. The pictures afforded by the newspapers of the gross levities of the over-wealthy misled them. The fact that newspapers are not concerned with quiet efforts to do good, and that the big pleasure-seeking multitude do not care to know anything about them, had compensations. If the Prussians had waited a generation or so till the poison had done its work more completely, they might have had a better chance of success.

Some of the thousands, who think the aim of life is not do something worth doing but to indulge all their rottenest impulses every moment they can, have learnt better ; but we have not to go far to see plenty who are unconverted. There are an extraordinary number of people who still think mere dissipation is the principal aim of existence. It is because there have become such a lot of them that it takes so long to get a little sense into them. To make any great change in the world, or even in a small bit of it like England, changes have to be made in so many of the people who inhabit it ; and that takes time and patience. By this time people might have learnt that trying to cure evils in spasms is useless. They can only be cured by men making up their minds what it is necessary and serviceable to do and sticking to it. And it is one of the things they might have learnt from this war : that it takes a long time to do a big job. Even some of the stupidest people are compelled to learn from the prolonged anguish of such a struggle. You will remember how half-witted people about three years ago raved about smashing Germany and exterminating its inhabitants. They had not even looked at their maps

and considered the vast extent of it, or the vast numbers of huge cities it contains ; nor how many men you would have to kill a day to dispose of a million in a year ! Such people were too much occupied with their ardent pursuit of trivial personal pleasures ever to exert their minds enough to grapple with big facts. And in spite of all we have gone through there are a great many—too many—of such people left still. One can only hope that a big cataclysm will reduce their numbers : it cannot do anything more. It seems strange to us that people should go on in their paltry self-indulgences when men are suffering and dying for them, as they are for the rest of the community, daily. But, unfortunately, the facts glare upon us ! And that is a proof of the continuity of things. Both evil and good go on. The former can only be eliminated, as the latter can only be built up, by patience and steadfastness. So when people make big assertions about world changes which are to result from certain rather astonishing events, we may well ask them to discriminate. If the continuity of things was really to be broken we should merely plunge into chaos. We want to hold fast to the good with all our might ; and by all means take such opportunities as offer to get rid of folly and levity and selfishness and all the plague of things which produce disorder and injustice.

If the world had been nothing but disorder and injustice before the War, there would be some excuse for hoping it would be all changed at one fell swoop. But it was not. If it had been, our men at the Front would not have made us so proud, and our devoted people at home would not have made such splendid sacrifices or done such noble work. The foundations were sound, though some people had managed to build such ugly and rotten rubbish on the top of them. There must be all sorts of natures, and it is wisest to admit it, and also to make sure that we ourselves do not, through carelessness and self-indulgence, get among the wrong ones.

And we can have no chance of coming to any useful conclusions how to make our lives serviceable and worth living if we do not try to understand the past and how wise people have tried to interpret mankind's experiences and efforts. There's no need to agree with what wise men have said and thought. As a matter of fact the wise men always disagreed with one another, and they go on doing so still. That is where our personal share and responsibility come in. What we have got to do is to take interest in their views, and try to understand them sufficiently to choose

those which are right and just, and not pick and choose only the things that seem to favour our own little personal interests.

It is on the thought and action of the past that our own judgments have to be formed, and if the old world is to pass away and count as nothing, where shall we find the basis of our own judgments and conduct? The glorious literature of our country will still exist, which is one of the greatest heritages a nation can have, and the noblest music will still be available to inspire us; and the finest qualities of men will still be displayed, as well as a good many of the worst. And it is mainly on the ways in which people maintain the slow but steadfast progress of the past that it depends whether the former increase in numbers and the latter decrease.

It is strange to think of, if we can think of it frankly. Here we have one little allowance of life to each of us; and we can choose whether we make a sensible use of it or use it for stupid blundering indulgence of unprofitable selfish impulses. One would think that by this time men would have found out that it was more worth while to try to understand life's opportunities and how to make it really worth living. But the insidious little moments, when primitive instincts pluck at some of us little by little, sap too often the defences of the best intentions, and they go to wreck; and the defeated ones capitulate and spend all the time allowed to them in trying to get away from what is worth doing in order to enjoy mere sensations, and guzzle and be dazzled with shams, and laugh at ineptitudes and make life into a pitiful failure. It is a peculiarity of those who make Music the centre of their lives' activities that they should have been specially connected with the people who are able to make amusement the main object of their lives, because by the mere chance of having more than sufficiency of this world's goods they are not obliged to wrestle with the rubs. The classes which concentrate on amusements think Music is a sort of amusement. They keep it in sight as one of their possible resources of pleasure or distraction. It does to fill up vacant hours; and the best of them are sometimes saved from perdition through the interest it wakens in them. Musicians used to be a sort of rather petted menial servants. When they were not occupied domestically they were a doubtful but tolerated section of the lower middle classes. The result now is that it is not altogether easy for a musician to come into close and frequent contact with men who are doing the more strenuous work of the world. Such

men think musicians can have no minds for anything outside their art, and class them with the pleasure-seekers, and think that they are not to be trusted because they are supposed to supply pleasure for pay, and do not do anything that is really serviceable. It is indeed none too easy to escape being absorbed among the pleasure-seekers when they offer us dazzling baits to be subservient and act as ministers to their wantonness. But in that respect things are changing. There is the prospect of Music becoming again capable of taking a place in the real life of the country. There is a prospect that men of action and responsibility will regard it as a genuine factor in the welfare of the nation, and not as a mere plaything for the vacant hours of wastrels, or an appanage of fashion. And we shall have to adapt ourselves to a more spacious and responsible position. We shall have to look at our art from outside as well as inside, and develop capacity to take interest in wider spheres of existence. We shall have to learn to judge it from the standard of its value to humanity rather than its pleasure to ourselves. And in so doing we shall ensure the high standard of its quality. The influences which lower and degrade our art come from narrow and personal aims. It is when people have no scope of understanding, and merely seek to gratify their petty personal impulses without looking at the effect they produce upon other people's interests, that demoralization comes. Some people are finding out through the stress that the War has made how exhilarating it is to be able to be of some service in the world, and how it makes life worth living. The College has been successful in doing some service to the world already for a good many years. But there is no limit, and we can always go on expanding that service by developing more good sense, and finding out how to steer our particular work so as to escape the passing gusts of fashion and the glimpses of trivial distractions and space it out to wider and wider spheres of helpfulness.

Since we all met together here at the beginning of last term we have lost many who had been doing us and the world their best of service. We lost at the end of last term our President, the kindly, amiable and generous-hearted Prince Christian. He had been associated with the College for a great number of years ; indeed he took part in the preliminary business before it came into existence, and was always the best of friends to us and greatly interested in our doings. We also had the great misfortune to lose our Honorary Secretary, Mr Charles Morley, who had been

in that position ever since the College was founded, and, indeed, took a very active part in getting it founded, and himself founded a scholarship besides doing many other great services to us. He was indeed one of the most generous, large-minded and helpful of men, and all who had dealings with him loved him dearly, and will never cease to miss him.

Then again we have lost several more of our own people. Claude Mackness was a very spirited old pupil, who, long ago, received the Royal Humane Society's certificate on an analogous occasion to the present in this very room, for pluckily saving someone from drowning at Barmouth. He joined the Gordon Highlanders, and died of wounds quite recently. There is Roger Evanson, a pupil of Mr Visetti's, who has been missing since July 31st, and Ernest Coster, who won the Military Cross, and was killed recently; and Harry Retford, who showed great keenness at College by trying to combine the study of composition with professional work outside it. He was in the Artists' Rifles, and was killed in action in October, 1917.

Of those who have not been taken from us in the whirl of chance some things may be told. Topliss Green, whose fine voice used to echo in this room so recently, has received the Military Cross for distinguished service, and has since been wounded, I hope not severely.

William R. Allen, our familiar Falstaff, and the father in 'Hänsel and Gretel,' has had some of the most wonderful adventures that can have fallen to anyone in the service, driving an armoured car in Russia, Roumania, Galicia, and the Caucasus; and has received several decorations, including the Stanislav Medal from a Russian Government—which, we do not know!

Ivor Gurney, one of our existing composition scholars, who has served in the ranks at the Front with splendid pluck and devotion, has brought honour to himself and all connected with him by producing a volume of characteristic poems, mostly written actually in the trenches. And he has now been wounded in the arm, fortunately more to his discomfort than his danger, with the result that he is for several months out of the thick of the fighting.

Miss Gladys Slade, who was formerly our Clementi Exhibitioner, and has since been in the American Ambulance in France, has received the "Médaille d'Honneur" from the President of the French Republic.

We may reasonably be proud that our College people are scattered all over the world—in Egypt and Mesopotamia and Northern India and East Africa, as well as in France, up in the air and down in the bowels of the earth, all doing their best in the huge effort that combines our energies. Those of us who have not the luck to be able to take part in the actual ostensible realities connected with the struggle, can still play our quieter parts with a contented conscience if we realize what such big operations point out to us—the dependence of human beings on one another, and the happiness that comes of mutual helpfulness.

C. HUBERT H. PARRY.

YPRES.

I saw prond Ypres under the dawn,
 (Poor Ypres that was once so proud !)
Like clanging trumpets came the dawn,
 Victorious trumpets clamouring loud.

And Ypres' pale besmearéd face
 A little colour took from pride
In her past beauty, and her race
Of heroes that like princes died.

Then Hope from Pride arose again,
 That dared to dream her fate was not
Misery and still unending pain ;
 Her wrongs by God and man forgot.

Straight pierced her weary mind the thought
 That these drab figures three years seen
Were men by whom deliverance wrought
 Would set her high again, a Queen.

O thought ! The high transfiguring fires
 Of sunrise made her eyes glow deep.
Deeper, her passionate desires
 Thus Royal Ypres waked from sleep !

IVOR GURNEY.

The College Roll of Honour

"No matter what a man's frailties otherwise may be, if he is willing to risk death in the service he has chosen, the fact consecrates him for ever."—WILLIAM JAMES.

The following Pupils, past and present, have joined the Forces since the outbreak of the War. Those marked with an asterisk have been invalided and discharged from service. Desiring to make the list as complete and as accurate as possible, the Editor welcomes additions or corrections. Battalion Numbers cannot now be inserted.

Aldred, F. H.	R.F.C.
Allechin, Basil	2nd Lieut., Oxfordshires
Allen, Charles B.	Lieut., Loretto School, O.T.C.
Allen, William R.	Sergt., Motor Machine Gun Corps
Armitage, Clifford	A.P.C.
Armstrong-Dash, A.	(wounded)
Baker, George	H.A.C.
Bannister, J. Hurst	Royal Fusiliers (all A.P.C.)
Barkworth, John E.	Lieut., Army Car Driver
Barnes, Archie F.	Captain, Gloucester Regt. (wounded)
Bellringer, Francis	Royal Engineers
Benjamin, Arthur	Captain, Royal Fusiliers (transferred to R.F.C. as 1st Lieut.)
Bennett, R. Sterndale	Major (T.F.), Commanding Uppingham School Contingent, O.T.C.
Black, P. A.	Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders
Bliss, Arthur E. D.	Captain, Royal Fusiliers (wounded) (transferred to Grenadier Guards)
Boughton, Rutland	208th Infantry Brigade (Bandmaster)
*Bourne, Humphrey S.	H.A.C.
Breach, Gilbert H.	Royal Fusiliers (Public Schools Batt.) (missing, Oct. 17th, 1916)
Brough, F.	R.F.A.
Brown, Eric F.	Captain, Wilts (died of wounds)
Bright, Percy S.	2nd Lieut., Attached to General Staff, B.E.F.
Bullivant, Gerald	R.A.M.C.
Bulmer, Albert N.	R.A.M.C., E. Anglian (Field Ambulance)
Burchell, George H.	Queen's Royal West Surrey
Burke, Edmund	Captain, Canadian Contingent
Butterworth, George S. K.	Lieut., Durham L.I. (killed in action)
Button, Ernest A.	P.O., R.N.A.S.
*Caprara, René	Despatch Rider
Carey, Clive	Captain, A.O.D.
Chapman, Basil W. M.	City of London Yeomanry, Rough Riders
Chapman, Donald J. S.	2nd Lieut., Royal Fusiliers (died of wounds at Abbeville, 13th July, 1916)
Chapman, Philip E.	Hants Regt. (died of wounds at Malta, 4th Sept., 1915)
Chignell, Robert P.	Lieut., A.S.C. (Brigade Signalling Officer)
Clapperton, Walter	A.S.C.
Clarke, John L.	University of London, O.T.C.
Coster, Ernest	Captain Royal Welsh Fusiliers (awarded Military Cross), (killed in action)

Colles, H. C.	2nd Lieut., R.G.A.
Collis, Philip J.	R.F.C.
Cooter, Eaton	Berkshires
Craft, Eugene	A.S.C. (M.T.)
Cullerne, F. Hilton	Liverpool (Manx Batt.)
Cumberland, Louis B.	Captain, King's Royal Rifles
Cummingham, Charles E.	2nd Lieut., Hampshire Regt. (<i>twice wounded</i>)
Curtis, Benjamin	Army Cyclist Corps
Davidson, Malcolm G.	Lieut., Cameron Highlanders (<i>wounded 25th September, 1915</i>)
Davies, Tudor	Engine Room Artificer (R.N.)
Dawes, Lionel F.	Gloucestershire Hussars
Deane, James B.	Captain, East Kent Regt. (The Buffs)
*Demuth, Norman F.	L.R.B. (<i>wounded</i>)
Derry, H. Bromley	Bandmaster, Middlesex Regt.
Dixon, Charles J.	(<i>Killed in action, July, 1917</i>)
Dixon-Smith, J.	Kent Cyclist Batt.
*Dyson, George	Captain, Middlesex Regt. (Brigade Grenadier Officer)
Ebdon, R. A.	2nd Lieut., R.G.A.
Evanson, Roger M.	R.W.K.R. (<i>killed in action</i>)
Eyre, Wilfrid R. B.	(<i>killed in action in Palestine</i>)
Farrar, Ernest B.	2nd Lieut., Devonshire Regt.
Fielden, T. P.	Lieut., R.F.A. (<i>wounded</i>)
Finney, David	Royal Marines
Foot, Reginald J.	Sub-Lieut., R.N.V.R., H.M.S. Roberts
Foot, William H.	N.W. Canadians (Bandmaster). Awarded M.S.M.
Foreman, Gordon A.	Canadians
Fox, Douglas G. A.	Lieut., Gloucesters (<i>wounded</i>)
Garvin, Sidney	Essex Yeomanry
Garvin, E. T.	
Gibbs, Geoffrey	
Gibson, Henry E.	H.A.C.
Goodwin, Seymour T.	(<i>killed in action April 28, 1917</i>)
Goossens, Adolphe	2nd Lieut., Norfolk Regt. (<i>died of wounds, Aug. 17th, 1916</i>)
Goossens, Leon J.	Corporal, Royal Fusiliers
Green, Topliss	2nd Lieut., R.F.A. (<i>wounded</i>), (<i>awarded Military Cross, September 20th, 1917</i>)
Grinstead, F. Harrison	Major, R.G.A.
Gritton, Eric W.	L.R.B.
*Guest, G. Langford	A.S.C. (M.T.)
Grunbaum, Hyman	Sportsmen's Battalion, Royal Fusiliers
Gurney, Ivor B.	Gloucestershire Regt. (<i>wounded</i>)
Hall, Alexander E.	Civil Service Rifles
Hambleton, Hale	A.S.C. (M.T.)
Hamilton, Vivian	Lieut., R.F.A.
Hare, Wilfred J.	London Irish Rifles. (<i>killed in action, December 23rd, 1917, in Palestine</i>)
Harford, Francis J.	Captain, Manchester Regt.
Harris, W. H.	Artists' Rifles
Heberden, Arthur C.	2nd Lieut., King's Royal Rifles (<i>killed in action, July 10, 1917</i>)
Hedges, Arthur	2nd Lieut., Royal Fusiliers (<i>wounded and prisoner of war</i>)

Heinze, Bernard T.	2nd Lieut., R.G.A. (<i>wounded</i>)
Hoby, Charles	Lieut. and Director of Music, Royal Marines
Hodgson, J. B.	R.F.C.
Hosking, H. Noel	Corporal, Middlesex Regt. (<i>killed in action, July 1st, 1916</i>)
Hope, Noel E.	Artists' Rifles, B.E.F. France
Hopper, Arthur C.	1st Engineer, R.N.A.S.
Howe, Albert P.	2nd Lieut., Royal Fusiliers
Hughes, Herbert	Captain
Hughes, Seth	
Huntington, John W.	2nd Lieut., K.O.Y.L.I. (<i>three times wounded</i>)
Ireland, Joseph K.	Captain, Royal Fusiliers (<i>wounded</i>) (<i>missing, 7th October, 1916</i>)
Jackson, Cyril	R.N.A.S.
Jefferies, Leonard S.	2nd Lieut., Royal Warwicks (<i>wounded</i>)
Jones, Dan	Canadians
Jones, E. Howard	Sub-Lieut. R.N.V.R.
Jones, H. Dukinfield	H.A.C. (<i>Killed in action, France, June 16th, 1915</i>)
Kitson, Antony B.	Captain, Devonshire Regt. (<i>wounded</i>)
Kutcher, Samuel	Middlesex Regt.
Lang, Craig S.	
Lang, Cyril	R.F.C.
Le Cornu, Ralph	2nd Lieut., Dorset Regt.
Lecds, Geoffrey	O.T.C.
Lock, Harold C.	Royal Fusiliers (<i>wounded</i>)
Lofthouse, Charles	2nd Lieut., Manchester Regt.
Mackenzie, Donald	2nd Lieut., County of London (The Queen's)
Mackness, Claud P.	2nd Lieut. Gordons (<i>died of wounds, Dec., 1917</i>)
Mann, Samuel	Corporal, E. Coy, London Regt.
Marchant, Arthur R.	Essex Regt.
Martin, Leslie C.	Rifle Brigade
Mason, Edward	Lieut., Northants. Regt. (<i>killed in action, France, May 9th, 1915</i>)
Maude, Cyril B.	R.A.M.C.
Mercer, E. G.	Lieut.-Colonel, City of London Royal Fusiliers (C.M.G.)
Midgley, Albert	Royal Fusiliers
Millard, A. G.	2nd Lieut., East Surrey Regt. (<i>killed in action, September, 1917</i>)
Minchin, Leonard E.	2nd Lieut., Tank Corps
Moeran, Ernest J. S.	2nd Lieut., Norfolk Regt. (<i>wounded</i>)
Morris, R. O.	2nd Lieut., Durham Light Infantry
Morris, Thomas F.	Flight-Commander, R.N.A.S.
Neden, Harold	2nd Lieut., Middlesex
Northcote, Sydney	R.F.A.
Nott, Frederick J.	Field Artillery, Aus. Imp. Forces
Ogilvy, Frederick A.	Company Sergeant-Major, Repton School O.T.C.
Ord, Bernhard	2nd Lieut., R.F.C. (<i>wounded</i>)
Pantling, Jesse C.	Royal Fusiliers
Parker, Ralph W.	2nd Lieut., Grenadier Guards (<i>died of wounds</i>)
Peatfield, Thomas	Corpl., King's Royal Rifles
Penty, Norman	2nd Lieut., K.R.R.C.
Pitman, Frederick	Signaller, R.F.A.

Pitts, Francis B.	Royal Fusiliers
Rhodes, Harold W.	G.O.C.B.
Robson, John S.	2nd Lieut.
Retford, Harry	Artists' Rifles (<i>killed in action, 28 October, 1917</i>)
Richardson, C. A. M.	Lieut., R.G.A.
Roper, Eric W.	2nd Lieut., Royal Fusiliers (<i>awarded Military Cross</i>) (<i>killed in action</i>)
Ross, Hugh C. M.	2nd Lieut., R.G.A.
Rowe, Harry	2nd Reg. S.A. Infantry
Roxburgh, John R.	Captain, West Riding Regt.
Saull, Walter J.	Queen's Westminsters (<i>wounded, Palestine, Jan., 1918</i>)
Schrenpf, Johannes J.	King's Liverpool Regt.
Seaton, James W. S.	2nd Lieut., E. Surrey Regt.
Sharpe, Cedric	2nd Lieut., Glamorgan Yeomanry, attached to M.G. Corps, Heavy Branch
Shaw, Edric	R.A.M.C.
Shera, Frank H.	Captain, Malvern College O.T.C.
Shimmin, Sydney G.	R.A.M.C., T. Ambulance Train, France
Shore, Bernard R.	2nd Lieut., Rifle Brigade (<i>wounded</i>)
*Simmons, Charles I.	City of London Royal Fusiliers
Skeaping, Kenneth	Royal Marines
Smith, H. Arnold	Artists' Rifles
Snell, William A. F.	
Snowden, John K.	2nd Lieut., West Riding Regt. (<i>wounded</i>)
Souper, Charles A.	2nd Lieut., Mon. Regt.
Squire, Barré C.	Devons
Stewart, Oliver	Lieut., Royal Flying Corps
Stuart, Kenneth B.	2nd Lieut., Durham Light Infantry (<i>killed in action, Nov. 5th, 1916</i>)
Swan, Richard	Middlesex Yeomanry
Stubbs, Harry H.	London Electrical Engineers
Stubbs, Stanley G. P.	Artists' Rifles (<i>wounded, France, Oct., 1917</i>)
Tatam, John A.	2nd Lieut., King's Royal Rifle Corps (in Salonica)
Taylor, Colin M. C.	2nd Lieut., Royal Sussex Regt.
Thomas, Christopher J.	Lieut., M.G. Corps
Thomas, Percy E.	Lieut., R.F.A.
*Thomas, Spencer	London Rangers (<i>wounded</i>)
Thomas, Stephen K.	2nd Lieut., Dorsets
Thomas, Thomas	London Welsh
*Thompson, Elliot R.	Lieut., Manchester Regt.
Thompson, Miles	2nd Lieut., Lines. Yeomanry
Thorne, George H.	
Timberley, Ronald H.	10th Londons
*Tomlinson, Ernest	Royal Naval Air Service (Wireless)
Toye, Geoffrey	Major, Cornwalls
Turner, Francis M. D.	Royal Flying Corps
Vaughan-Williams, Ralph	Lieut., R.G.A.
Verney, Geoffrey C.	R.F.C.
Vinden, Maurice	Lieut., Somerset Light Infantry
Walker, --	
Walters, Ivor	Artists' Rifles
Walters, T. Glyn	Artists' Rifles

Wanklyn, W. H.	2nd Lieut., Household Brigade (<i>killed in action, May, 1917</i>)
Warren, Francis P.	2nd Lieut., South Lancashires (<i>reported missing, July 4th, 1916</i>)
Watson, Albert V.	Lieut., A.S.C., attached Cavalry
Webb, R. J. A.	H.A.C.
Webster, Samuel	L.-Cpl., R.W. Kents (<i>wounded</i>)
Weekes, Edmund	R.F.A.
Whitaker, Horace St. J.	R.A.M.C.
Whitaker, James	Royal Navy
White, Howard F.	London Rangers, (<i>wounded, May 4th, 1917</i>)
Whitley, Thomas	A.S.C.
Wilkinson, A. B.	2nd Lieut., Royal Sussex Regt. (<i>died of wounds</i>)
Wilson, Henry E.	2nd Lieut., R.G.A. (S.R.)
Wilson, Stanley H.	Bedfords
Wiltshire, Walter A.	Reigate Grammar School O.T.C.
Wright, Cecil K.	Royal Fusiliers (<i>wounded</i>)
Wright, Roland G.	Royal West Surreys
Wright, Denis S.	2nd Lieut., M.T., A.S.C. (<i>attached to Serbian Army</i>)
Wynne, Warren	
Young, G. Coleman	East Surrey Regt.

Red Cross, &c.

Aitken, Ruth	Lambert, Hannah
Allport, S. Gwendoline (Canteen Work)	Lambert, Maud
Anderson, Jean, W.R.N.S.	Lean, Janette
Bowden-Smith, M.	Lean, Marjorie N.
Bowden-Smith, W.	Lewis, Ida M.
Brett, Nancy	McCall, Eva
Byles, William J.	Macfie, Henrietta (Sister, Reserve R.N., Royal Naval Hospital, Portland)
Capes, Mrs (Miss M. Thwaites)	Macfie, Janet (War Office)
Crews, Mrs. (Miss Muriel Thacker) (Beaufort Hospital, Bristol)	Mann, Helen (V.A.D. Work)
Darnell, A. Beatrix (The Michie Hospital, Queen's Gate, S.W.)	Martin, Vivien (Green Cross M.T.)
Dodman, Ada (Manchester)	Middleton, J. Alice
Downing, Lorna	Montagu, Lady Olga (Canteen Work, etc.)
Drury, Clare, C.M. (Canteen Work)	Morris, Dorothy (Limoges)
Eady, Doris (Canteen Work)	Morse, Mrs. (Miss Harriet Solly)
Gotch, Veronica	Norman, Alice E.
Graves, Rosaline	O'Neill, Kathleen
Hadow, Cicely W. (Canteen Work)	O'Neill, The Hon. Rose
Harrison, Lucy	Othen, Katharine (V.A.D.)
Hamilton, Emily, M.O.B.E.	Pare, Edith (Senior V.A.D., Aldershot)
Hedges, Geraldine (Roumania)	Randall, Marie L. M. (1st London General Hospital)
Holman, Joyce (Malta)	Raymond, Gladys (Military Hospital, Southampton)
Hutton, Moya W. V.	Slade, Gladys (American Ambulance, Awarded <i>Médaille d'Honneur en Argent</i>)
Jameson, Hilda (Anglo-Russian Hospital, Petrograd)	Stiven, Ida G. (Surgical Aid and Canteen Work)
Klein, Evelyn N. (Uffculme Hos- pital, Moir Green, Birmingham)	Vincent, Katherine
Knox, Doris	Waddington, Barbara
	Wilson, Mrs Purcell

Office Staff

Back, William H. . .	Queen's Westminsters
Cane, R.	London Irish
Crofts, Leslie T.	R.F.A.
English, E.	R.G.A.
Griffiths, Reginald C.	London (T.) Cyclists
Hare, Charles P. L.	R.N.A.S.
Hatchman, John	Hussars (<i>killed</i>)
Leopard, George	London Irish, attached Royal Warwicks
Pycock, H. R.	Artificer, Artists' Rifles (<i>died, 20th Feb., 1916</i>)
Peaple, Henry	A.S.C.
Stammers, Ernest S.	Royal Navy, 1st Class Petty Officer (writer)
Vicars, Joseph C.	Rifle Brigade

Obituary.**WILFRID HARE***(Killed in Action, Palesline, December 23rd, 1917)*

All types of gigantic stupidity are to be found in a state of things which claims victims rather than selects them. Such folly is ripe in this war of entire nations. We are continually aghast at the spectacle of the sacrifice of all sorts and conditions of men. In December last, the struggle claimed Wilfrid Hare, a student of the organ and piano at the R.C.M., who, in his whole manner, was a devotee of peace, not merely because his calling was what it was, but in that his whole disposition was of that equable nature which is found where there is a studious, thoughtful mind, a seriousness of purpose, and that signal virtue of an intense and generous love of fellow-man. We who knew and worked with Wilfrid Hare are satisfied that these qualities were in him, that, therefore, he was one who constantly merited and gained our warmest regard and respect; and if our chief regret is for the man that is gone, rather than the musician, it does not mean that the art of music has lost less heavily than mankind in his death, but that his great and lasting qualities were in that disposition and uprightness which make the most modest and retiring of men remarkable in any sphere, and compared to which the gift of musical attainment is but a secondary possession. Wilfrid Hare was happy alike in character and gift. We hold him in memory as one strangely but not uselessly sacrificed. And his glory remains.

H. N. H.

We are permitted to publish the following extract from a letter written by a relative:—

"It was a very numbing blow, but we are quite happy for our dear lad; a glorious end to his young life laid down in defence of the Holy City. He had written quite lately to me, full of interest in the sacred associations of the places amongst which he was. He had seen little Bethlehem, and lived to know that it, and also Jerusalem, were in Christian hands after all these centuries. Humanly speaking, with his musical temperament and rather timid nature, he was less inclined for, and suited to, a soldier's life than anyone I knew, but his remarkable child-like strong faith and stern sense of duty carried him along faithfully to the end. He never complained, and since the news came, a bright and cheery letter has arrived written the day before he fell and posted afterwards, so we conclude his body was found, but we have no particulars as yet."

HARRY RETFORD

The news of the death of Harry Retford in action has caused much sorrow amongst those professors and friends in the College with whom he was associated. A keen and talented musician, his work was done under great difficulties. He was employed in Reuter's, where he worked daily from seven in the morning till four in the afternoon, after which hour he devoted himself to his musical work. He was a pupil for composition of Dr. Charles Wood, who testifies that he had considerable talent and made very steady progress. Some variations for Orchestra on an Irish theme from the Petrie Collection were about the last things he did at the College. Had he lived to realize his aim of devoting his life to musical study, there is little doubt that with his enthusiasm and ability he would have won conspicuous success as a composer.

2nd LIEUT. RALPH W. PARKER

Second Lieut. Ralph W. Parker, who received mortal wounds at the beginning of the recent fight in defence of Amiens, was a College pupil of Mr Marmaduke Bartou for some years. He showed considerable talent as a pianist and gave recitals in London and in the country. At the beginning of the War he joined the Buffs and went to India. Afterwards he obtained his commission in the Grenadier Guards, and went to France in 1915. The College and the musical world in general are the poorer for his loss, for he was a most accomplished musician.

ROGER M. EVANSON

The Roll of Honour in our last issue contained the intelligence that Roger M. Evanson had been reported "missing" since July, 1917. It is with great regret that his friends will now hear the official news of his death. He was a pupil of Mr Visetti, and possessed a fine voice, besides being gifted with great natural artistic impulse. His short career was one of great promise, and he would have brought much credit to the College if his studies had not come to an untimely end.

A Reminiscence

"Slight not the songsmith.

. Who hath found

Another man so shod with pie, so crowned

With thunder, and so armed with wrath divine?" — WILLIAM WATSON

I suppose no one in the Royal College of Music can claim a longer friendship with our Director than myself. But I am sure no one else can say "The Director sang the Prophet's part in 'Elijah' under my conductorship!" I am told that this remarkable circumstance ought to be recorded in the pages of the Magazine, and so I venture to write these few lines.

From 1865 to 1869 I was organist of Holy Trinity Church, Windsor. The Rector was the Rev. Henry Hawtrey, but his brother the Rev. Stephen Hawtrey (mathematical master at Eton) was the chief promoter of the music in the church, and I was employed by him to teach the boys of a large school in Windsor which he had founded. He also engaged me to teach class-singing in the Lower School at Eton, and I had many pupils in the College.

A new organ was erected in one of the school buildings, and I gave a recital at the close of the performance. Many of the boys spoke to me, and one also sat down at the organ and played. I saw at once there was a musician in the School. It was Hubert Parry!

Among other things which I had to do was conducting performances of 'Elijah' and other works in St. Mark's School. We had a large choir and a complete band. It was a good opportunity for me to learn to conduct, and as a rule we gave a good performance. On one occasion our Bass failed us. He was a member of the Choir of St. George's Chapel, Mr H. Barnby, a brother of Sir Joseph Barnby. We were in despair, when Mr Hawtrey announced that it would be all right, as Hubert Parry would sing the part. *And so he did!*

I cannot at this distance of time remember all about it, but I do remember the furious speed at which the "distinguished vocalist" took "Is not His Word like a fire!" Fortunately, the leaders of the violins were members of the Queen's Private Band, and if the conductor was likely to be left behind, they kept up with the singer. And it all went like steam—if not like fire!

I may add that the Director has heard me do what no other member of the R.C.M. can have heard. He was present when I played Weber's 'Il moto continuo' upon the pianoforte at one of these concerts.

What he thought of it I really cannot say—perhaps he may tell you!

J. FREDERICK BRIDGE.

The R.C.M. Union

*"Laugh and be merry together, like brothers akin,
Guesting awhile in the rooms of a beautiful inn."*—JOHN MASEFIELD

ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING

The Annual General Meeting of the R.C.M. Union was held at College on Thursday afternoon, January-17th, at 3.30, when the chair was taken by the President, Sir Hubert Parry. In spite of bad weather, there was an unusually large attendance of members, and the maximum of business was transacted with the maximum of high spirits and good will. The Minutes were read; the President presented the Annual Report and Balance Sheet to the Meeting, and spoke on the general condition of the Union, which, in spite of the War, was very satisfactory, thanks to the loyal support accorded by members. Miss Daymond reported favourably

on the working of the Loan Fund, and obtained an extension for another year of the powers with regard to the surplus of the Fund over £300, granted at the Annual General Meeting in January, 1916. The Hon. Officers were re-elected for the ensuing year. Dr. F. J. Read and Mr Harold Samuel were re-elected to the General Committee, and Lady Cynthia Colville, Miss Kathleen Bray, Miss Mary Blower, Miss May Colles, Miss Miriam Timothy, Mr Ivor James, and Mr W. E. Whitehouse were elected to fill the vacancies caused by the retirement from the Committee of Miss Gladys Raymond and Mr H. C. Colles (on active service), and Lady Olga Montagu, Miss Emily Daymond, Dr. W. G. Alcock, Mr Harold Darke, and Mr John Pointer (who were ineligible for re-election, having served for 6 years consecutively on the Committee).

A message of greeting was sent from the Union members present to all members on active service. A vote of thanks to the Chairman concluded the proceedings.

Tea was served at 4.15, and at 5 o'clock Mr Plunket Greene most kindly gave a short lecture on "The Singing of Songs" with illustrations, which the audience enthusiastically appreciated. An account of this appears elsewhere in the Magazine.

ARRANGEMENTS FOR SUMMER TERM

No decision has yet been made as to whether the Union Annual "At Home" should be held this summer or not. The General Committee will meet early in May to discuss and settle the matter, and meanwhile the Hon. Secretary will welcome any expressions of opinion from members on this subject as soon as possible.

MARION M. SCOTT, *Hon. Secretary.*

College Concerts

*"There's sure no passion in the human soul
But finds its food in music."*

Thursday, January 31st

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>1. QUARTET for Strings, in A minor, Op. 132
<i>Beethoven</i>
DORIS HOUGHTON
(Gowland-Harrison Exhibitioner), A.R.C.M.
DOROTHEA M. CHRISTISON, A.R.C.M.
SYBIL MATURIN, A.R.C.M.
S. DOROTHY TUTTLL
(Gowland-Harrison Exhibitioner), A.R.C.M.</p> | <p>4. SONGS .. a. Starry Woods .. M. Phillips
.. b. The Torch .. E. Elgar
LILLIAN COLLES (Courtenay Scholar)</p> |
| <p>2. SONGS
a. My love's an arbutus
<i>arr. by C. V. Stanford</i>
b. A Ballynure Ballad <i>arr. by H. Hughes</i>
ETHEL E. BUCHANAN (Exhibitioner)</p> | <p>5. VIOLONCELLO SOLO Elegiac Poem G. Bantock
DALLAS A. FRASER (Exhibitioner)</p> |
| <p>3. PIANOFORTE SOLOS—
a. Intermezzo in E minor
b. Rhapsody in E flat, Op. 119 J. Brahms
KATHLEEN M. COOPER (Pringle Scholar), A.R.C.M.</p> | <p>6. ORGAN SOLOS—
a. Rhapsody on the Chorale, "Burford"
<i>G. T. Ball (Scholar)</i>
b. Prelude and Fugue in G major
GEORGE T. BALL (Clark Scholar), A.R.C.M.</p> |
| <p>Accompanists—
DOROTHEA M. CHRISTISON, A.R.C.M.
ISABEL E. BYDLINGTON
GEORGE T. BALL (Clark Scholar), A.R.C.M.</p> | |

Friday, February 15th

1. RHAPSODY for Orchestra—
A Shropshire Lad George Butterworth
(Student of the College 1910-1911)
Killed in action, 1916
2. AIR .. But oh, what art can teach } Handel
Orpheus could lead }
(St. Cecilia's Day)
EVELYN SAYRE
3. POLISH FANTASIA for Pianoforte and Orchestra,
Op. 19 I. J. Paderewski
L. DORIS S. FILL (A.R.C.M.), (Kiallmark Scholar)
4. SONG 'Tis a madness (Non so più) (Figaro) Mozart
LILIAN MCCARTHY (Liverpool Scholar)
5. SYMPHONY in F major, No. 3, Op. 90 Brahms
Conductor—
SIR CHARLES V. STANFORD, D.C.L., LL.D., M.A., Mus. Doc.

Thursday, February 21st

1. SONATA for Violin and Pianoforte in A major
César Franck
LENA CHISHOLM (Associated Board Exhibitioner, New
South Wales)
MARGARET CHISHOLM, A.R.C.M.
2. SONGS .. a. Verdi Prati Handel
b. Easter Hymn arr. by Frank Bridge
NORAH WATSON
3. PIANOFORTE SOLO.
Sonata in C minor, op. 111 Beethoven
DOROTHY T. DAVIES, A.R.C.M.
Accompanists—ELLA GLACH, A.R.C.M. HILDA M. KLEIN (Clementi Exhibitioner)
4. SONGS .. a. Love Grieg
b. A Dream }
DOROTHY MORRIS (Scholar)
5. QUARTET for Pianoforte and Strings, in G minor,
op. 25 Brahms
MARGARET A. HAYES (Scholar)
PEARL MICHAELSON (Scholar)
SYBIL MATURIN, A.R.C.M.
- S. DOROTHY THUTELL (Gowland-Harrison Exhibitioner),
A.R.C.M.

Thursday, February 28th

1. QUARTET for Strings in A minor, Op. 132
Beethoven
DORIS HOUGHTON (Gowland-Harrison Exhibitioner),
A.R.C.M.
DOROTHY A. M. CHRISTISON, A.R.C.M.
SYBIL MATURIN, A.R.C.M.
S. DOROTHY THUTELL (Gowland-Harrison Exhibitioner),
A.R.C.M.
2. SONGS .. a. A Swan Grieg
b. Autumn Storms }
EVALISE BINGHAM
3. ORGAN SOLO Prelude in C minor Bach
HELEN T. YOUNG (Exhibitioner)
4. FIVE ELIZABETHIAN SONGS—
a. Orpheus }
b. Tears } Ivor Gurney
c. Under the greenwood tree }
d. Sleep }
e. Spring }
K. VIVIAN WORTH (Scholar)
5. TRIO for Pianoforte and Strings, in C minor,
Op. 101 Brahms
AUDREY McMASTER (Scholar), A.R.C.M.
FREDERICK HOLDING (Morley Scholar)
DOROTHY D. CHOTLES (Wilson Scholar)
Accompanist—
GEORGE T. BALL (Clark Scholar), A.R.C.M.

Thursday, March 7th

1. SONATA for Pianoforte and Violin, in G minor
C. Debussy
YEONSE M. SAWYER (Exhibitioner)
2. SONG .. a. A Swan E. Elgar
b. Autumn Storms }
GLADYS E. BELL
3. PIANOFORTE SOLO
Bacchante, in F sharp major, Op. 60 Chopin
CICELY M. DUCHENEY (Exhibitioner), A.R.C.M.
4. SONGS .. a. The Rosebud Schubert
b. Who is Silvia? }
ANNETTE M. BLACKWELL
5. ORGAN SOLO—
Sonata No. 5, in F sharp major .. Rheinberger
RICHARD W. EDMUNDS (Associated Board Exhibitioner)
6. QUARTET for Strings, in E flat minor Tchaikovsky
DORIS HOUGHTON, A.R.C.M. (Gowland-Harrison Ex.)
DOROTHY A. M. CHRISTISON, A.R.C.M.
SYBIL MATURIN, A.R.C.M.
S. DOROTHY THUTELL, A.R.C.M. (Gowland-Harrison Ex.)
Accompanist—
CONSTANCE STOCKBRIDGE

Tuesday, March 12th

1. FROM SUITE—
"The Seasons a. Harvest Dance } Edward
b. Winter } German
2. SYMPHONIC VARIATIONS for Pianoforte and
Orchestra, in F sharp minor .. César Franck
ROBERT O. ERLBACH (Honorary Grove Scholar)
3. NOCTURNE .. Fêtes C. Debussy
4. SCENE .. Willow Song and Prayer (Otello) Verdi
LILLIAN COLPS (Courtenay Scholar)
5. SYMPHONY No. 3, in A minor, Op. 56 (The Scotch)
(Dedicated to Queen Victoria) Mendelssohn
Conductor—
SIR CHARLES V. STANFORD, D.C.L., LL.D., M.A., Mus. Doc.

Mr Plunket Greene at the R.C.M. Union Meeting

"And does not a meeting like this make amends

For all the long years I've been wandering away."—TOM MOORE.

The Union is, without doubt, a unique society. If any further proof were needed, it could be founded upon the fact that it is a society which makes even its annual business meeting a sheer delight to all concerned.

Neither the ever-deepening shadow of War, nor the practical difficulties of life, nor the damp chill of one of the vilest specimens of January weather could avail to diminish the real ardour of that friendliness and good fellowship for which the Union stands and which is always the atmosphere it breathes. This year, indeed, the Union has beaten even its own record in the way of business meetings, for not only was our beloved President, as usual, in the chair, and, as usual, turning even dull financial facts, in his inimitable way, into jests and absurdities and occasions of rejoicing, but also two extra and most remarkable festivities happened. One of these was—tea! Every meal, indeed, partakes of the miraculous nowadays; and when one is regaled with real sandwiches, made with real (potato!) butter, and various other evidences of Mrs Bindon's cleverness in dealing with the local food office, one recognises yet another sign of unconquerable spirit in the College and its Union.

And then came the culminating treat in this afternoon of good things—a 'Lecture-Recital' by Mr Plunket Greene on "Interpretation in Song." If any members of the Union could possibly have felt themselves aggrieved at the omission of the Summer 'At Home,' here, indeed, was a generous compensation for them. The Lecture was literally crammed with good things; and it is not everyone who can fill an hour so full of first-class, expert, professional teaching, and at the same time make it such a complete recreation and refreshment of spirit. Here were the great secrets of the art of song, put so simply and in such compact little nutshell that one wondered how there could possibly be so many unsuccessful singers in the world. Here was the whole of technique summed up in the one word, breath; and here were nearly all the other things, atmosphere, tone-colour, magnetism, diction, simply grouped together under intelligible headings, and shown to depend upon quite easy little virtues like, let us say, sincerity and industry! Yes; if only we *could* just "control our breath," and *could* create atmospheres, at will! But at least it is a comfort that Mr Plunket Greene can, and does, perform these miracles to perfection, and with the complete ease which is the result of supremely hard thinking and hard work. There certainly cannot be anyone who knows more about "magnetism" than he does, and it is wonderful to hear him talk about it and acknowledge it to be *the* experience of all most worth having, and of how intangible and unpredictable and easily spoilt it is. And all the time, in the expounding of these simple main

truths, what a host of side-issues, and hints, and allusions—about diction, and about rhythm, the very life and breath of all music and of all the universe, and about the close partnership of singer and accompanist, that often-forgotten collaborator who makes so great a share of the whole and whose artistic equipment must needs be of such a high order.

Of course, we have read and delighted in all this in Mr Greene's book, "*Interpretation in Song*," from which he quoted more than once ; but when he says things to us he makes them come alive, just as he gives a new life, that is a new meaning and value, to every song he sings. The illustrations were, of course, the most important and valuable part of all ; and there was little doubt as to the verdict of the audience when asked " Would you like ten minutes more ? "

Altogether we had, on Thursday, January 17th, a most joyous, vitalising afternoon, a thing much needed, occasionally, in these dark days. Very gratefully we add another to the long list of benefits conferred upon us by our Union. Long may it continue to flourish and abound !

PHIEBE M. WALTERS.

AFTER MUSIC

Why, I am on fire now, and tremulous
With sense of Beauty long denied ; the first
Opening of floodgate to the glorious burst
Of Freedom from the Fate that limits us
To work in darkness pining for the light,
Thirsting for sweet untainted draughts of air,
Clouds sunset coloured, Music . . . O Music's bare
White heat of silver passion fiercely bright.
While sweating at the foul task, we can taste
No Joy that's clean, no Love but something lets
It from its power ; the wisest soul forgets
What's beautiful, or delicate, or chaste.
Orpheus drew me (as once his bride), from Hell.
If wisely, she or I, the Gods can tell.

IVOR GURNEY.

The Royal Collegian Abroad

"Too much rest is rust ;-

There's ever cheer in changing,—SCOTT.

LONDON

DR. F. G. SHINN is to be congratulated upon his appointment to the Staff of the Royal Academy of Music, where he takes the Advanced Sight-Singing and Ear Training classes.

MISS PHOEBE WALTERS has been appointed Education Secretary to the Y.W.C.A. Her work will be to set in motion a new scheme—organised partly in combination with the splendid educational work of the Y.M.C.A., and partly independently—for providing continued education for working girls and young women. Collegians who wish for further information, or could offer practical help, are asked to write to Miss Walters, 26, George Street, Hanover Square, W.1.

CONCERTS FOR THE BRITISH RED CROSS

On November 7th, 1917, a concert was given at Croydon in aid of the Funds. The following Collegians took part :—Miss Vivian Worth, Miss Ethel McLelland, Miss Nancy Phillips, Miss Doris Houghton, Miss Sybil Maturin, Miss Dorothy Thuell, Miss Kathleen Long, Miss Constance Stockbridge, and Mr Rupert Erlebach. A concert at Crouch End took place on January 19th, and a third concert was given at Hampstead on March 2nd. All these concerts were under the management of Mr Eustace Erlebach, the one at Hampstead being the ninth, and the total raised up to date being £558 12s 9d.

MR HERBERT FRYER made a welcome re-appearance at Wigmore Hall on February 12th, after an absence from London of four years. His programme included César Franck's Prelude, Choral and Fugue, Chopin's Funeral March Sonata and a group of short pieces by various composers, amongst which was a delightful Morris Dance by the concert-giver.

MR HAROLD DARKE gave a Sixth Series of Organ Recitals at S. Michael's, Cornhill, on Mondays from January 14th to March 25th. He was assisted by Miss Dora Garland, Miss Vivian Worth, Miss Thuell, Miss E. Ferguson, Miss MacLelland and Mr Purcell Jones.

The String Quartet in A major by CAPT. ARTHUR BLISS, and Eugène Goossens's "By the Tarn" and "Jack o' Lantern," were played by the Philharmonic Quartet (Messrs. Arthur Beckwith, Frederick Holding, Raymond Jeremy and Cedric Sharpe) at their concert at Steinway Hall on March 21st.

Two very successful Concerts were organized by Miss Penrose, and given by some of the students of the Royal College of Music on the plinth of the Nelson Column in aid of the Tank in Trafalgar Square, on Wednesday and Friday, March 6th and 8th, 1918. Mrs Bindon, as representing the College (who went in charge of the party), was particularly thanked by Lord Rothermere and Sir Robert Kindeley on Wednesday, and the Mayor of Westminster and others on Friday, and was told that the concert party had been greatly instrumental in helping the cause by attracting the large crowds. Mrs Hutchinson and Mr Visetti must be specially thanked for their invaluable help in coaching their pupils at so short a notice—five days—also the students themselves and Miss Stockbridge, the accompanist, for their patriotic action. The Misses Markwell, Morris, Echevarri, Scott, Smithard, Valmonte, Hess, Phillips, Walton, Penrose, Emanuel, I'Anson, Marshall, Samuel, Sayer, Buchanan, Christison, English, Bailey, Wynter, McGuire, Hudson, Evans, Bingham, Warnes, Sayer, Swaine, Mr Joseph Boddy and Major Richard Jack kindly gave their services. Miss Penrose is particularly grateful to Mr Polkinghorne and Mrs Watling for their great help in the organizing of the concerts.

PROVINCIAL

At the Recital recently given in Reading by MISS M. BOWMAN-SMITH and MR W. H. PHELPS, the chief features of the programme were Elgar's Violin Concerto and César Franck's Sonata in A.

MRS ROGER EDWARDS sang several hymns by Pantycelyn at a Lecture given at Llansantffraid on "The Sweet Singer of Wales."

MISS ANNIE ECKFORD and MR ALFRED WALL gave the first performance in Newcastle-on-Tyne of John Ireland's Second Sonata on March 23rd. The occasion was the second concert of the Bach Choir, at which Mr W. G. Whittaker (Hon. Conductor) included various Choral Folk-Song settings by Edgar Bainton, G. Von Holst, and R. Vaughan Williams.

MRS STANSFELD PRIOR gave Two Chamber Concerts on the afternoon and evening of April 4th at the Old Palace, Maidstone. She was assisted by Miss Jessie Grimson, Mr Warwick Evans, and Mr Thomas Dunhill. The evening programme included the Tchaikowsky Trio and the new Second Sonata for Piano and Violin by Mr Dunhill, in which the composer played the piano part.

MISCELLANEOUS

MR W. R. ALLEN, R.N.A.S. (Armoured Car Section) has been awarded a second medal for gallantry and meritorious work while on active service in Russia.

SECOND-LIEUT. DENIS WRIGHT has had the Serbian order "Pour le Mérite" conferred on him.

MISS MARIE RANDALL has recently gone to Holland as a Y.M.C.A. worker amongst the prisoners of war released from Germany.

MISS GLADYS THOMAS is in Pietermaritzburg, where she is actively engaged in teaching, and also in concert singing. She speaks with enthusiasm of the beauty of the voices of her pupils.

Membership of the Order of the British Empire has been awarded to Miss EMILY HAMILTON, in recognition of her work as Welfare Controller and chief superintendent of the Girl Messengers at the War Office.

MR SAM GRIMSON has obtained leave of absence from his post in New York, with the object of joining the Tank Section of the British Army, and has arrived in London.

BIRTH

On January 21st, to SECOND-LIEUT. and MRS JOHN A. TATAM—a son.

A REQUEST

Copies are required at College of the following two numbers of the Magazine: Vol. 2, No. 1 and Vol. 8, No. 1. Can any reader kindly supply them? If so, the Editor would be glad to know.

LETTERS FROM COLLEGIANS

SECOND-LIEUT. DENIS WRIGHT, whose interesting letter from Salonika in the last Magazine may be recalled, has sent some further particulars of his activities in that region. He tells us:—

"Our musical comedy had a most successful run of six nights, two nights in my own theatre, and four nights in a larger one some way off. We played to over 2500 people, soldiers of four nationalities, and many English nurses. The last night was the gala night, over 200 visitors, including a General and six Colonels. The General was very pleased, and is arranging for us to go on tour next month, to another part of the line, and then to Salonika—the Mecca of up-country concert parties! I wish you could have seen our 'girls,' they were really jolly good—luckily, we had had plenty of grease paint. The dresses were all made in camp, and I made the wigs (three 'flapper' ones and three ordinary ones) out of real hair, which I bought at a ridiculously cheap price from old Macedonian women in Monastir; hair seems to be a family heirloom out here! The stage was lit by electric light; as well as the

footlights and three rows of ceiling lights, we had in the last scene over 30 lamps in chandeliers and wall brackets, and the result was most effective."

* * *

" Besides my brass band, I have now the beginnings of quite a useful orchestra : four violins (three of them made in the company by a professional 'cellist), one piccolo, one clarinet, two horns, tenor trombone, one 'cello (also home-made, full-size and jolly good tone), and brass bass, which imitates the old string double-bass most successfully. The chief difficulty is music—ragtime is barred, and popular songs are played out now, so I am arranging such things as Fletcher's 'Two Bagatelles,' Elgar's *Serenade* from 'Wand of Youth,' and other light pieces. I find that the majority of men will listen to and appreciate that style of music as readily as ragtime, when they find that after all there is something with a tune in it outside music-hall songs ! But they are conservative at first, and don't readily take to a new style of things. But in 16 months with the company I have changed the style of music a good deal. When I first came they would have nothing but ragtime and cheap stuff, so I got my glee party going and gave them Elgar, Walford Davies, and Sullivan, and the men asked for more, so during the summer I gave three "promenade" concerts, at each one mixing good with bad, and then getting their opinions afterwards. They nearly all preferred the good ! "

We are indebted to MRS BECKETT (Miss Helen Boyd) for the following interesting letter, addressed to Collegians :—

" Dr Buck's article, ever since it appeared in the College Magazine over a year ago, has given me to think. Would it not be a good idea, even although we cannot all be so humorous and philosophical, if some of the old and venerable ex-members of College would occasionally, through the courtesy of our editor, break out into autobiography, if only to show the present strivers in Prince Consort Road what a Collegian can become in his or her post-salad days ? The attack need not last long, and might serve as a beacon-light or danger-signal to those who would be kind enough to read us. For we are a family of fearful potentialities, are we not ? Some of us emigrate, some of us follow, with glory, a call that has no note in common with music ; and some of us marry explosive chemists. Indeed, the possibilities are alarming.

" Unfortunately, perhaps, for himself, my e.c. possesses a voice, which, as can be readily understood, is in considerable demand at local concerts ; and we are both kept pretty busy all winter victimizing the soldiers and munition workers. Ye shades of College ! I many times think of you when I am seated at the piano, just a few inches from the edge of the platform, and wondering if the person who is turning over for me will not do so in two senses. And the instruments ! The best one can say for them is that they are well-meaning, but, collectively, they suffer from a lamentably meek and mild disease, and are liable to be put out of action entirely, as, for instance, on the occasion when I had to accompany a robust baritone's singing of 'The Wreck of the Hesperus.' It was a glorious wreck ! and, if the piano never recovered from it, the audience got its money's worth. Those breakers ! And the appallingly sudden change of a courageous skipper into a 'frozen corse' ! I suppose no Christian and upright piano should be expected to bear up, unmoved, under such circumstances. As for solos, I give, for choice, Bach or early Beethoven, as these are always greatly appreciated ; and the e.c. sings Mozart, Bizet, Schubert, Schumann, and, when it comes to a nameless encore, even Hugo Wolf (his 'Wandering' makes a delightfully happy ending to a group of songs). On one occasion, he was down to sing the *Toréador Song*, but a cold rendered him incapable of doing so. Consequently, the following apology from the platform was given out by the chairman :—'A'm to say that Doctor Beckett will now sing (slight pause) 'Ellie Nora' instid of (prolonged pause)—instid of—whit's opposite his name.' That's the kind of people we are in.

In some respects, the life here might be considered very monotonous, and it certainly is a change from the genial and congenial atmosphere of College, but there are many compensations, and if any Collegians, venerable or otherwise, should come

along this way, I shall welcome them with open arms and try and show them how pleasant life can be, even inside the gates of an explosives factory. Domesticated are still not quite an extinct species, and my particular treasure keeps me fairly well in my place. I asked her lately what a certain new neighbour looked like. "Well," she answered, "she's no' unlike yerself, Mrs Beckett; no' very swanky, but tidy. An' she's a wee bit yonthlier."

So, when you come, you will know what to expect!

NOTES FROM QUEEN ALEXANDRA'S HOUSE.

A recital of considerable interest not only to residents of Queen Alexandra's House, but also to all R.C.M. students, took place on January 9th in the St. Andrew's Hall, Glasgow, when Miss Flora McGill made a successful *début* with the kind assistance of Miss Fanny Davies, of whom she is a pupil.

Miss McGill's solos were as follows:—Prelude (Debussy), Romance in F sharp (Schumann), Polonaise in E (Liszt), (a) Ballade in F (Chopin), (b) Etude in A flat (Chopin), Prelude in G minor (Rachmaninov). She had the good fortune to be supported by Miss Davies in the following duets for two pianofortes:—Saint-Saëns, Variations on a theme of Beethoven, Schumann's Variations, and a Reverie and Waltz by Arensky.

Another addition to our series of concerts at the Prince of Wales's Officers' Hospital, Marylebone, was given on Wednesday, March 6th, when items for string orchestra were again performed under Mr Thomas Dunhill's conductorship, and interesting solos were contributed by several of our members.

The fifth year of Alfredo Nardi's London Concerts was celebrated with a Winter Season Concert, which took place at the Steinway Hall on March 2nd. The entire programme consisted of compositions by Alfredo Nardi, of which the Lyrical Soprano solos were rendered by Miss Isabel F'Anson.

An attractive and altogether original dramatic display took place in the House Concert Hall on Friday, March 15th, the programme consisting of sketches, skits, dances, and vocal and instrumental solos. A collection was made to purchase fresh additions to our Fiction Library.

BIRTHS

On February 21st, to DOROTHY HORLEY (BASSANO)—a son.

On February 28th, to MARGARET WHEELER (LITTLEWOOD)—a daughter.

The Term's Awards

"No man does any work perfectly who does not enjoy his work."

—PHILLIPS BROOKS.

COUNCIL EXHIBITIONS—

Bingham, Evaline	(Singing)	£6	0	0
Evans, Dilys	(Cello)	£10	0	0
Harris, Thomas J.	(Organ)	£6	0	0
Hess, Stephanie M.	(Violin)	£10	0	0
Markwell, S. D. Kathleen	(Singing)	£8	0	0
Powell, Elizabeth E.	(Piano)	£10	0	0

CHARLOTTE HOLMES EXHIBITION (£15)—

Harrison, Margaret L.

THE DIRECTOR'S HISTORY ESSAY PRIZES—

Barton, E. Marjorie

Eady, Doris G. G.

THE GEORGE CARTER SCHOLARSHIP—

Renewed for one year to:

Wallace, James E., A.R.C.M.